

Devotional and Selections

THE SOUL'S VIGIL.

By S. E. Paxson.

I.

Oh, my Soul, keep well thy vigil through the watches of the night,
Through the weariness of battle watching eagerly for light;
Through the anguish of the conflict thou shalt find in Hope thy rest,
And thy sorrow for transgression in his righteousness be blessed.

II.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Oh, the marvel of his grace!
God, thy Shield, thy Strength, thy Glory, doth uphold thee in the race.
When the hosts of hell assail thee, God, thy Shield, stands round about;
Evil can not look on Glory—thus thy Shield doth cause their rout.

III.

In the hour when self is restive, of my heart would gain control,
Then the Day Star, in his glory, sheds his light within my soul;
Holds the Cross before my vision, brings me closer to the blood,
Pours his love and grace upon me in a purifying flood.

IV.

Oh, my Soul, keep well thy vigil watching for the day's first beam,
Then, my Soul, be quick to answer to the Morning Star's first gleam;
Be responsive to his beauty, hindered by no cloud of fear,
Let his holiness transform thee when his radiance doth appear.

Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill.

THE CALMNESS OF JESUS.

He was always calm, possessing the power to control himself and rise above all circumstances and conditions into the realm of perfect peace. No one ever endured more, and no one ever so perfectly accomplished the victory of faith with peace. He was tempted, he was maligned, persecuted, mocked, and misrepresented; but he was always the same great soul at rest. He was on the stormy waters, but within his soul was a great calm. His burdens were greater than ever man did bear, but he was never crushed beneath them. His enemies were about him seeking his life, but he spoke boldly to them without a tremor in his voice. Their hypocrisy and wickedness angered him in holy indignation, but he was never in a passion. He endured great agony of soul, but he held the cup steady as he drank it. He deeply felt the ingratitude of many who were healed by his word or touch, but he was not discouraged. He went out into the darkness and was in the agony of a great soul struggle, but even when it was most intense he said: "Not my will, but Thine, be done." He was always great because he was in close communion with his Father and the eternal peace filled his soul. He rose above all that tended to disturb the peace of his soul. We rise into the same greatness of victory and peace as he did by unwavering faith in God and confidence in his love and care.—United Presbyterian.

The Quiet Hour

FAMILY WORSHIP.

Family worship is of value chiefly because of its implications. It is not the particular Scripture which is read or the form of prayer which may be uttered that leaves an impress on the childish mind, so much as it is the reverent attitude of the family in the presence of the All-Father. "I had the impression that God and Jesus Christ were very dear and highly honored friends of my mother," said one in describing his childhood. Happy child is he in whose recollections such impressions early gather! To see his father, whom he reverences, himself reverencing a Heavenly Father, may change the whole current of a boy's life.—Christian Advocate.

GOD'S PRESENCE.

God's presence calms the mind, makes us rest in peace, even amidst the burden and heat of the day; but, then, we must be given to him without reserve. When once we have found God, there is nothing farther to be sought for amongst men; we must sacrifice even our dearest friends—the true Friend is within our heart. He is a jealous husband, who will admit none beside. We do not need much time for loving God, for placing ourselves in his presence, for raising the heart to him, for adoring him, for offering to him all we do, and all we suffer; and in such acts lies the kingdom of God, which is within us, which nothing can trouble. . . . You should frequently arouse within yourself the desire to give to God all the faculties of your soul—that is, of your mind, to know him and think of him, and of your will, to love him; and further seek to consecrate all your outward senses to him in all their actions. . . . The contemplation of his majesty shall shed inward peace upon your heart. One word from Christ at once calmed the troubled sea; one glance from him to us can do the same within us now.—Fenelon.

THE PART OF SYMPATHY.

We crave sympathy; it is part of a true soul, and so urgent is the heart's craving for sympathy that the temptation is very great to impose our calamities on others. Into the sacred sympathy of a chosen few we can pour the struggles of our heart-agonies, and let those close friends rejoice to share our burdens, but it is blasphemous intrusion to let the outer world, through our sad faces and sadder voices, enter the sanctuary of our sacrificial sorrows. The sorrows, the trials, the disappointment, of life are the most exclusive and sacred elements of human experience, and only the chosen few must walk in the midst of them. When these personal and sacred things become stereotyped into habitual sadness and mourning we have profaned their sanctity and stolen from other hearts their gladness. It is impossible for those about us to be glad when we are sad, and it is better to steal a man's money from his purse than to steal the music from his soul.—Baptist Commonwealth.